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# CLASS-DAY TECH

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# THE TECH

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## THE TECH

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*For the benefit of students THE TECH will be pleased to answer all questions and obtain all possible information pertaining to any department of the College.*

*Contributions are requested from all undergraduates, alumni, and officers of instruction. No anonymous manuscript can be accepted.*

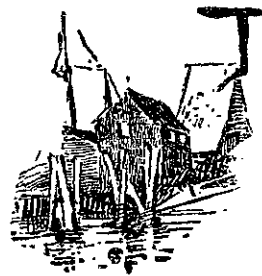
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FOR the Senior, commencement ends the careless freedom of college days, but marks only the beginning of the more intimate associations with the outer world which the college graduate is to experience. It betokens the assumption of responsibilities which before have been to him matters of small concern. What is the aim of the college man, of a graduate of Technology, '95? To become a successful man, perhaps. But who is the successful man? Success and failure are indeed terms whose significance is too deep to admit an off-hand definition. Scarcely do the subtlest analysis and keenest scrutiny render possible a definition of those two great opposites which confront mankind almost from cradle to grave.

"Not alone the A, B, C, raises man in dignity," as the German has it, not alone does the faithful practice of technical profession assure a successful life. Honor, probity, courage, good citizenship, are but a few of the qualities which help win true success. Many questions, too, other than professional, less vital to him individually, perhaps, but no more to be ignored, must be to the man who would live other than the hermit's life matters for his honest reflection.

THE TECH has no desire to preach. Ninety-five may feel that they go into the world as well prepared as modern educational methods can prepare them. To them THE TECH extends its heartiest wishes for success and honor. It trusts that they will ever remember with increasing loyalty their *Alma Mater* and its noble work. It doubts not that they will form a worthy addition to the already imposing array of alumni for whom Technology has done so much, and from whom she rightly expects encouragement, sympathy, and aid.



THE Senior Class as a whole, and particularly its several committees, are to be congratulated upon the excellent arrangements for the events of the week. The entire series of festivities proved a happy success and showed evidences of careful planning. Such conscientious work as was performed by the men in charge is most encouraging to see, and can but arouse the hope that the commencement gaieties of future classes may be as signally marked as those just completed.

THE editors must apologize for the extreme lateness of issue of this class-day number. Several exasperating delays in the receipt of manuscript and the loss of considerable time in endeavoring to replace other manuscript that had been thoughtlessly destroyed, may account for the tardiness. Notwithstanding these untoward circumstances THE TECH trusts that its appearance even at this late day may be at least not unwelcome.

### The Alumni Reception.



THE reception tendered by the Alumni Association to the Faculty and to the Seniors on Friday evening, May 24th, at Young's Hotel, proved an entirely successful and extremely enjoyable affair. The guests, who numbered nearly three hundred, in-

cluded representatives from the Faculty and from the Corporation; nearly every member of '95 was also present, and the total was further augmented by the presence of the Glee and Banjo Clubs.

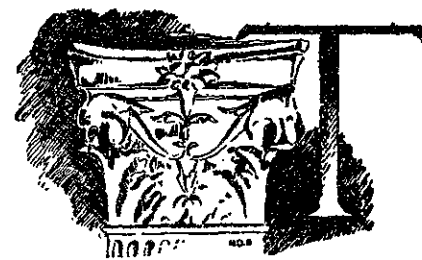
After a pleasant, informal reception the party adjourned to the spacious dining room, where a delightful collation was served. The feast of good things having been well disposed of, Mr. James P. Monroe, '82, President of the Alumni Association, began the speaking. Mr. Monroe is an exceedingly happy speaker, and his remarks abounded in bright hits which were received with applause on every side. President Walker was then introduced. He traced the growth of Technology during the past year and touched upon her needs, speaking with feeling of the timely aid which she

had received from the State. Music from the Banjo Club followed, and their effective playing earned an encore.

President Monroe then introduced Hon. Josiah Miller, of the Massachusetts Legislature, who had labored so earnestly for the enactment of the bill granting Technology the much-desired appropriation. He was received with great applause and spoke most interestingly, dwelling on the legislative features of the enactment. Mr. Miller has a son in Technology, who, by the way, was one of the four drillers who defeated the Harvard four in the recent competitive drill. After music by the Glee Club, President Monroe arose and introduced Dr. Drown, paying a brilliant tribute to his work at Technology. Dr. Drown made no allusion to his call at Lehigh, but confined his speech to remarks on certain theories of teaching. More music followed, after which Mr. Arthur L. Canfield spoke on behalf of the Seniors, delivering an interesting and well-written speech.

The speaking was then brought to a close by Mr. Monroe, amid Technology cheers and unanimous expressions of the enjoyment of the evening's festivities.

### The Ninety-Five Portfolio.



THE Senior portfolio so long anticipated was at length issued toward the end of May, and showed gratifying improvement along many lines. The book, attractively bound in red and white cover embellished with fantastic lettering, was well up to the expectations of all, and proved to the men of Ninety-five a worthy souvenir of Technology and their classmates.

Following the first four pages, which were occupied by the photographs of the members of the Faculty, came the pages devoted to the

likenesses of the candidates for advanced degrees. Succeeding these came the pictures of the regular class members, which occupied twelve pages. Facing these and the preceding were pages upon which appeared, in places to correspond with the reproductions, the name, fraternity, athletic and class distinctions, and title of thesis of the men pictured on the opposite page. The remainder of the book was taken up with group pictures of the athletic teams, social and dramatic organizations, Class-Day Officers, Institute Committee, and other representative bodies, followed by well-selected views in and about the various Technology buildings.

The reproductions were all made in photogelatin by the Albertype process, and, printed on heavy paper of excellent quality, gave impressions of depth and clearness. The book showed throughout evidences of considerable care in its production, the credit for which rests with the committee, which consisted of Mr. E. Johnson Loring, chairman, Mr. Azel Ames, Jr., Mr. F. B. Masters, Mr. D. N. Marble, and Mr. F. A. Park.

#### N. E. I. P. A. Meeting.



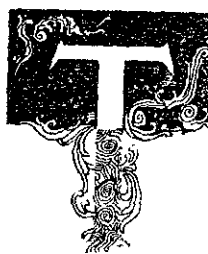
THE annual meeting and banquet of the New England Intercollegiate Press Association was held at the Bay State House in Worcester on Saturday evening, May 18, immediately following the intercollegiate athletic games. A number of well-known college papers were represented and an interesting meeting resulted. The officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, Mr. Hyde of THE TECH; Vice President, Mr. W. C. Holman of the *Amherst Literary Monthly*; Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. J. S. Murdock of the *Brunonian*.

Rather than to follow a custom adopted in previous years of electing certain publications to office, a method which attached but little responsibility in carrying on the work of the organization, it was determined that all elections be made individual. Moreover it was decided to draw up a new constitution which would be more binding and would invite the sympathy and co-operation of the college periodicals in New England.

The business meeting was followed by a well-served dinner, after which the toast list and a round of stories were enjoyed. The toasts were:—

"Public Office a Private Snap"	<i>Wellesley Magazine.</i>
"Our Society Editor"	<i>Amherst Lit.</i>
"Dividends"	<i>Brown Daily Herald.</i>
"The College Organ"	<i>The Dartmouth.</i>
"The New Woman"	<i>The Mount Holyoke.</i>
"The Waste Basket"	<i>Trinity Tablet.</i>
"The Devil"	<i>The Tech.</i>

#### The Glee and Banjo Club Concert.



THE festivities of Commencement were inaugurated in earnest with the Senior Concert of the Glee and Banjo Clubs on the evening of May 25th. The seating capacity of Huntington Hall was severely tested, for a goodly audience of the friends of Ninety-five was present to greet the Clubs, through whose courtesy this complimentary concert was tendered to the Seniors.

The ranks of the Clubs were sadly depleted and their work far from the usual standard of excellence. Nevertheless, the audience was appreciative and the programme was listened to with evident enjoyment. The Glee Club introduced two novelties, the "Little Alabama Coon," which found immediate favor, and "Alma Mater," a Technology song by Schmitz, '95, former leader of the Glee Club, who received many congratulations upon his composition. Mr. Howland's songs were also well received, and the mandolin and guitar

duet won a well-merited encore. It was a matter of regret that the full complement of the clubs should not have been present at the concert, yet to the earnest efforts of those who did take part is due the fact that the concert passed off with the measure of success attained.

#### PROGRAMME.

##### Part I.

1. Onward . . . . . *Gieble.*  
GLEE CLUB.
2. Darkey's Parade . . . . . *Lansing.*  
BANJO CLUB.
3. Mandolin and Guitar Duet . . . . . *Selected.*  
MESSRS. BARBER AND SHUMAN.
4. Off for Philadelphia . . . . . *Nester.*  
GLEE CLUB.
5. Zither Duet . . . . . *Selected.*  
MESSRS. HALL AND OLIN.

##### Part II.

1. Little Alabama Coon . . . . . *Starr.*  
GLEE CLUB.
2. Wild Haste Galop . . . . . *Faust.*  
BANJO CLUB.
3. Bass Solo . . . . . *Selected.*  
JOHN HASTINGS HOWLAND.
4. M. I. T. Medley . . . . . *Lansing.*  
BANJO CLUB.
5. Alma Mater . . . . . *Schmitz.*  
GLEE CLUB.

#### The Baccalaureate Sermon.



THE Senior Class assembled in Trinity Church Sunday afternoon, May 26th, to listen to the baccalaureate sermon by Dr. Lindsay, of St. Paul's. It was an eloquent address delivered with earnest-

ness and force, and full of the most excellent and practical advice.

The text was taken from Mark x., 37-45, teaching the doctrine of service: "For even the Son of Man came not to be ministered

unto, but to minister." The speaker showed that Christ's life was primarily and pre-eminent one of service. He assumed the title of the "Son of Man," and as the child of humanity he set the example of pure and devoted service, all the more noble in its humbleness and unostentation. "Such a man might easily have commanded the devotion of men, and used his powers of awakening their enthusiasm to draw about him a band of followers to overthrow the Roman rule, but he willfully chose a life of humility and ministry." "Self-surrender makes the hero." The names most revered and honored in history are not those of men whose achievements were actuated by a selfish purpose, but of the men who devoted their gifts to the good of mankind. "No splendor of genius can exalt a man in the world's best thought who has lived for himself; no glory of success can conceal his true littleness from the just discrimination of public opinion. . . . This line of thought seems appropriate to an occasion like this, when the graduating class of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology assembles in the house of God to engage in worship and listen to a sermon on the eve of their entrance upon that real life of labor for which they have been fitting themselves through years of patient preparation. Your life work, my brethren, will bring you very near to God and very near to man. Some of you will make discoveries of your own in the world of nature; most of you will be dealing in those elemental forces which are signs of the Divine presence. Believe me, when the two are rightly understood there can be no warfare between religion and science. I beg of you to be reverential in the vast temple of nature in which God dwells. Search for the truth as the devout soul bows in solemn prayer, as the prophet waits for the Divine message; with awed spirit read the revelation that comes to you. Bring back to your fellowmen what God has made known to

you, that he may be honored and they blessed. . . . I beg of you not to allow yourselves to be caught in the materialistic current, or swept away by the tide of selfishness, to make money or preferment the chief object of your life. Realize that your profession is sacred, that in a sense you are ministers of God. If your nature be true and high you will not be content with a purely selfish life, and only this view of your calling will redeem it from bitterness and utter sordidness.

May God guide you in all your ways, and bless you in all your undertakings. May your fellowmen recognize your worth and call you to posts of honor and opportunity. May your life close with the plaudits from those who have known you; 'well done,' to be echoed in the new life when you take the places there prepared for you and for which you have prepared by lives of service rendered to God and man in the spirit of him who 'came not to be ministered unto but to minister.'"

### The Class-day Exercises.

#### PROGRAMME.

Overture . . . . .	ORCHESTRA.
President's Address . . . . .	ARTHUR LAKE CANFIELD.
Music . . . . .	ORCHESTRA.
History . . . . .	MILTON LATHROP FISH.
Music . . . . .	ORCHESTRA.
Statistics . . . . .	LUTHER KELLER YODER.
Music . . . . .	ORCHESTRA.
Prophecy . . . . .	ALBERT WESLEY DRAKE.
Music . . . . .	ORCHESTRA.
Oration . . . . .	ROBERT KIMBALL SHEPPARD.

NINETY-FIVE was greeted by a thousand expectant friends as it marched to its seats on the afternoon of Class Day. Huntington Hall was tastefully decorated with bunting and palms, and the music, by Daggett, was unexceptionable. The marshals and the members of the Class-day Committee having taken their places upon the platform, the President,

Mr. Canfield, advanced and addressed the audience:—

#### PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

Classmates, Ladies and Gentlemen, friends of the Institute of Technology, and especially friends of the Class of Ninety-five, we welcome you to our Class-day Exercises. We wish to extend to you a welcome such that you will feel our sincerity in making it. There may be other classes that can boast of greater brilliancy: some may excel in athletics, some may eclipse all others in scholarship, but those who know the history of Ninety-five will admit that she is noted for her good fellowship and hospitality on all occasions.

To-day, while it is hoped that everyone, both individually and collectively, will feel the spirit of the day and of the class to be one of welcome, there are those among us whom we wish particularly to honor and welcome to these halls. First and foremost, let us honor our parents, those to whom we owe the most and to whom we can repay but a trifle of what they have given us, through a life of care, and work, and self-sacrifice. The parents of many of us have undergone personal discomfort and self-denial that we might have the blessings which have brought us to this hour. Let us see to it that they understand, to-day, how deeply we appreciate our advantages and their sacrifices for us, and as we lead them from room to room of these familiar halls and laboratories, do not let us forget to make them know that we have profited by our years of work and study.

To the members of the Faculty, and to our other officers of instruction, we also extend our welcome. To-day is the only day in all our four years' course at Technology on which we may as a class extend to them an invitation to these halls. To-day belongs to Ninety-five alone. This is the day set apart for us to take charge of affairs and conduct the exercises of the Institute. So it is entirely.

proper that we should return in a measure the welcome and good feeling always shown to us by every member of the corps of professors and instructors. Many, very many of this body of men we have come to know personally, and it is a great pleasure to have the opportunity of showing our appreciation and grateful feelings. But there is one among them whom above all others we delight to call our friend. He has won all hearts by his kindly and considerate bearing toward us, his scholarly attainments, and his earnest counsel. There is not a member of Ninety-five but has been benefited by contact with this man. To those of Technology I do not need to say I mean our honored President. To him, first of all at Technology, we extend our most cordial welcome.

As classmates we welcome each other, as on many past occasions, and we hope the day will prove one of mutual pleasure and satisfaction.

And last, but far from least, we greet this time-worn hall, these plain and solemn walls with their frieze of industrious figures, busily engaged in the pursuits of art and science. Here we have often struggled and come out victorious, and the very presence and surroundings of this familiar room lend impulse to our beating hearts. But we must not forget our obligations.

To the corporation and the great founder of the Institute we owe the very possibility of an education such as we have received; to the able management of our President we owe its continuance; to the grand old State of Massachusetts, who came to our assistance in time of sorest need, we are under the deepest obligation; to our Faculty and other officers of instruction we owe the principles instilled into our minds and hearts; to all these we acknowledge our deep indebtedness.

We also wish to thank the several organizations of the Institute that have added to our entertainment. The Glee and Banjo Clubs especially have our thanks for the delightful concert of Saturday evening. This was a

particular compliment to the Senior Class, and we assure the clubs that their kindness is appreciated. To the French and German Societies we are also indebted, although not in the same personal sense, but with the rest of Technology, for their splendid presentations of several plays brought out by them during Junior Week. To the Junior Class we extend our thanks for their services during the present occasion.

There are many others who have served us at Technology, and to whom we are grateful, but lest I should consume more time than is allotted to me, I now discharge a duty which is extremely pleasant, although it is largely a matter of form. To the members of '95 who have worked with our First Marshal for the past four years, and know him to be the man he is, an introduction is unnecessary, but to those who are not so intimately acquainted with him, I may say a word. The office of First Marshal on Class Day is the highest and most honorable in the gift of the class, and on this occasion we are proud to say that the place is held by one of our number who not only stands among the first as a scholar, but also among the popular men of his class; a man well liked by every one, and liked the better the longer he is known. To him falls the duty of conducting these exercises, and it is with great pleasure I have the privilege of introducing Mr. Thomas Butler Booth, First Marshal of the Class of Ninety-five.

Mr. Booth then assumed his duties as First Marshal, proceeding as follows:—

“Friends of the Class of Ninety-five: It is highly complimentary to us that you consider it of sufficient importance to be present this afternoon, and listen to the singing of our praises and the recital of our virtues. The associations connected with the Class of Ninety-five have been, are, and, I hope, always will be, very dear to us; and although the self-conceit of the college graduate is proverbial, yet, as you also well know, it is a



quality with which he very soon must part, and we hope the exhibition of a little vanity upon an occasion like this will seem pardonable.

“You will doubtless regard it as modesty in the extreme, then, when I say that we propose this afternoon, by a continuous chain of evidence, to show that, from the Freshman year to the present, the career of the Class of Ninety-five has been without an equal; that, as at present constituted, it is without a rival, while the future offers such possibilities to its members as to cause surprise and wonder even among ourselves.

“We wish then first to review the four years gone by, to recall the hardships and pleasures we have experienced, and to dwell upon the ties and friendships formed, which, for many of us, are so soon to be broken.

“This will be done by one who entered with us in our Freshman year; who, to-morrow, will graduate with us, the president of his class in our Junior year,—Milton Lathrop Fish.”

#### THE CLASS HISTORY.

Mr. Marshal, Mr. President, Fellow Classmates, Ladies, and Gentlemen: Glancing back through the “Techniques” which have appeared during our experience at the Institute, we notice recorded for each year the complete history of the Class of Ninety-five. You will find chronicled there glowing descriptions of our athletic victories, and generally we have been honorable enough to mention our defeats. A rehearsal of these events would be tiresome to you. Each class passes through the same experience, and a history of one will apply with but slight changes to almost any class. We shall therefore attempt to deal more with our experience and development as individuals, and would refer you to the afore-said “Techniques” for accounts of our athletic victories. We can assure you that we are sincere in our reasons for pursuing this course, since Ninety-five has been unusually success-

ful in class contests and general athletics, and the historian has abundant material and a grand opportunity to write an athletic history. Looking over the Institute athletic record you will find that five out of the fifteen records in standard events are held by this class. Having so excellent a reputation, we feel that we can well afford to let others sing our praises, while here we simply record a few of the varied experiences through which we have passed during our course at Technology.

The beginning of our Freshman year is so far removed from the present that we have forgotten just how we appeared at that time. We gathered from the four corners of the earth, some of us with definite ideas as to our purpose in coming to the Institute, but more having only vague notions further than that they desired an education. The latter considered this as a proper course to fill a period of great uncertainty, and hoped that before the four years were ended they might settle upon some occupation to their liking, which promised maximum returns with minimum effort.

It is surprising to find how soon a class of 325 students becomes acquainted. Introductions were unnecessary. We quickly became familiar with the names as read from the instructors' rolls, and as soon as we fitted them to the men we henceforth felt acquainted and connected by a bond of union which has grown stronger as acquaintance has ripened.

The drawing-room at the top of Rogers is one of the spots which has left the most vivid impression upon our minds. It was here that we first learned to manipulate the T-square and the drawing pen. Also in Linus's book we pondered over that illustrated description, “How to draw parallel or perpendicular lines with a pair of triangles.” Such a use of the triangles has now become so familiar to us that we imagine that the knowledge came from original investigation, but here is this page of Linus's confronting us as a reminder of the day when it was a



difficult task to lay off a fifteen-degree angle. It was in the drawing room that the first class officers were decided upon, and this has ever since been the hotbed for political influence.

Many of us remember the themes we were compelled to write at this time, and the ability we developed in expanding our ideas and enlarging our handwriting to cover the requisite number of eight by ten sheets.

Taking it all together our Freshman work was rather dry and uninteresting, but then we had been taught that this grind was necessary for the foundation and timbering of our structure, and that the clapboards and moulding would come at the proper time.

All men, although they may be loath to acknowledge it, look back upon their Freshman year and wonder how they passed through that period without realizing their innocence. Only those who have had this experience, get the full force of the statement, "Every man must be a Freshman." Nevertheless we probably obtained more enjoyment from this year than from those which have followed it. The very fact that we were innocent and had not taken on our present sophistication allowed us to find enjoyment in artless little acts which we should now consider far beneath our dignity. It is during this year only that you will hear of men being compelled to change their residence as a penalty for having too good a time. So quiet a man as Williams was gently helped to move out. If you were to ask him about it to-day, he would probably lay it to his hilarious friends and disclaim all responsibility. Libby also had to move but then Libby moved because he wanted to get into town, nearer his work. These excuses remind us of the men who leave Technology on account of their poor health.

Our class was a model in some ways, even in the Freshman year. Since our entrance you have not heard anything about trips to Moon Island; we never advertised that our General would eat a bale of hay; nor have

we ever considered greased pigs as necessary to the success of the Drill.

It was during this year that the final attempt was made to continue the custom of giving a dinner to the Senior class. Our numbers were thoroughly canvassed and the Junior plead eloquently: "Come out and meet the Faculty. It will pay you to get acquainted with them. The price is a little high, but then it comes only once a year, and you will appreciate it more." Then he would wind up by saying impressively, "The custom must be continued." The Seniors came to a man and the affair was a great success so far as they were concerned; those of us who attended have no reason to complain.

The beginning of the Sophomore year found us again congregated in Rogers corridor, but this time we belonged to the hand-shaking, happy crowd, while the Freshmen stood around in the outer circles trying to appear at home and look natural, just as we had done the year before. It seemed good to have some one to look down upon, and it came natural to magnify the height of the plane from which we made our observations. Cultivating the eccentricities of a genius and assuming a patronizing air, we surely exhibited an appearance of wisdom far beyond our years. As we have progressed farther, we have lost all contempt for those below us; and now as Seniors we are, perhaps, more gracious to a Freshman than to a man of any other class.

We now separated into the special work of the different courses, and our studies became more interesting. Three times each week we congregated to take our dose of Physics. We appreciated this opportunity for meeting as a class again, and also enjoyed the lectures. The examinations were rigid enough to excite due reverence for the subject. Descriptive Geometry caused us some trouble, and we never yet have seen the necessity of drawing a pretty cone and then spoiling the

picture by sketching a complicated curve to show the intersection of another cone.

Then came that little speech, which has been so ably described in "Technique," officially advising us for the first time that cheating was not allowed at the Institute: "There is no possible excuse, no extenuating circumstances, under no conditions whatever is a man justified in palming off work which is not entirely and absolutely his own."

The Junior year is a time of hard work and great uncertainty; a period when the Faculty first begins to associate the name and the face together. The student, too, realizes that the favorable opinion of the Faculty is to be desired, and therefore he becomes more sedate and dignified in his bearing. The successful completion of the work of this year will mean that graduation is almost assured.

The subjects which brought us together this year as a class were Political Economy and Business Law. How studiously we avoided making the acquaintance of Lawyer Brandeis. Even now we can see him standing at this very desk, pleading for information upon some difficult point of law, and as a last resort he straightens back, puts one hand in his pocket, and says, "Well now, Mr. Sheppard, what do *you* think of this case?"

The ways of the Institute had become familiar to us, and we now felt thoroughly at home. In our Freshman year we regarded an instructor or an assistant with great awe, almost approaching reverence, sometimes being inclined to call him "Professor." During our Junior year we were more liable, in many cases, to slap him on the back and address him as "Old Man."

This was the year upon which we took our turn at publishing "Technique." The general comment has been that this edition had never been equaled before, nor since, for that matter. We were singularly fortunate in the selection of our Editor in Chief, Mr. A. D. Fuller, who was well qualified for the position by his previous experience upon the staff of THE TECH.

Finally comes the Senior year. The student, imbued with even greater dignity, now saunters around with an unconscious familiarity, inwardly realizing that he is the envy of all of the lower classmen. The professors and his old instructors are gracious to him, and he feels that this is not such a bad world after all. His patient forbearance leads even the Freshman to feel at home in his presence. It was as meek a member as your humble servant who was approached by a sporty Freshman and asked to step over to the "Chapel" and have a game.

The work which was most looked forward to in this year was the thesis. Our imagination had been often greatly excited by references to footnotes which said, "These results are taken from the thesis of Messrs. A. and B. of the class of 18—." Many of us have been disappointed, for the great discoveries which we had anticipated, and the glories which we had pictured, have proved to be only phantoms. A few of us have gained renown. If you question this, Waite, for to-morrow will dispel all doubts.

And so our four years have passed away. We have climbed over the same paths, and met the same obstacles that beset our gray-haired alumni. Some of the same old jokes that they laughed at have been sprung upon us by our professors, and we have taken just as much pleasure in them as if they were fresh for the occasion. We have viewed the end of our course with considerable dread, but yet shall feel exceedingly relieved to get out into the world, to be free from restraint and compulsory study, and at liberty to follow our own inclinations.

In remembering history we find that it is natural for us to associate the individual with the event. Often we do not realize this fact, the association being unconsciously made; but as soon as one is mentioned we immediately recall the other. Let us illustrate by a few examples in our own class: How could one better recall our first class meeting than

by asking, "Who is Belknap?" Mr. Booth will be marshalled with to-day's exercises. Almost any stranger can see a similarity in the names Canfield and Chicago. Hayden will be thought of in connection with the Freshman Battalion. The friends of John J. Colvin Wolfe say that he reminds them of the "financial depression." For Swope you can take your choice between St. Louis and our complicated method of Class Day Election. In years to come students will point back to Thomas, and tell of the glories he won upon the gridiron; and what member of Ninety-Five will ever see the name of Tillinghast without recalling how admirably he conducted us through those stormy "Technique" meetings? With this memory, too, will come vividly the thought of that transcendent moment, when, in the lull of heated debate, arose the plaintively persuasive voice of Rhodes, unsuccessfully urging upon the class for the hundredth time that little bill for tin horns and chewing gum. Reference to the Glee and Banjo Clubs will at once remind you of Schmitz and Shepard, their able and successful conductors. Besides all these there are many synonyms, among which may be mentioned, Huxley and the Locomotive Test; Masters and Artistic Technique; Kotzschmar and Hamblet; Miller, Sheridan, and Jamaica; Bowie and late.

This brings us finally around the circle of our panorama, and we desire to thank you, our friends, for so attentively viewing these few pictures, which from their personal character must be rather uninteresting to those not acquainted with the subjects.

Only four years ago we started out as a strong, portly body of three hundred and twenty-five members to train for the race of life,—the human race. Our training has reduced us from portliness to a well-proportioned, muscular, brawny body of one hundred and forty-three members, and to-day we stand toeing the mark, awaiting to-morrow's final pistol shot as a signal to be off.

After music by the orchestra, the statistician was introduced as follows:—

"One of the results of our training has been to develop in us a peculiar reverence for statistics. Since the time when we filled out our first attendance card and received our first intermediate, we have all become firm believers in the statistical method of imparting information; and such has been our delight in furthering and adding to the statistics of the Institute that we have rarely failed to answer a summons from its statistician in chief, Dr. Tyler.

"Figures do not lie; although, as another result of our training, we have found that they quite frequently make very uncomfortable statements. But to-day we fear neither facts nor figures, but look forward with considerable anticipation to the results of the labors of our own statistician. No fact has been too trivial to escape his eagle eye, no difficulty too great to overcome his perseverance.

"It gives me great pleasure to introduce our statistician, Luther Keller Yoder."

#### THE CLASS STATISTICS.

The Statistician of the Senior class is continually becoming a newborn factor of the future world. Plainly speaking, he represents a man placed in a hole, sufficiently deep—that is, the hole—that he is only able to show his head, and compelled to take in everybody at a glance.

He is supposed to see through everybody and have seen through everything. Really, he is the man who is supposed to be the best able to crack jokes at the expense of everybody in general and nobody in particular, and set off the graduating class as a shining light of the 19th century.

If you think you get this much, all well and good; but let me state that the tallest usher at my left will pass around keys to all the jokes, and cyclostyled copies may be had from Ridler at a price of \$5.75, bound in morocco.

Four years ago, when a Freshman, the statistician came to this place and entered

somewhat strange things,—one was the class of Ninety-five; to-day, he would like to get out of some strange things,—one is the Statistician's position for the class of Ninety-five.

This class is a most singular but remarkable body of humanity. Just think! from a passable 350, four years ago, we are able to sport but 136 men, 6 boys, and 1 Co-ed. We have brushed up against one another for four years, and know of course each other's peculiarities; and to-day the statistician is ready to decide the standing of each and every member.

It is a very funny thing, but this class has actually produced twins; a description will be given later. We have no especially so-called freaks, yet we are very near it; neither have we any extremely remarkable specimens of humanity, but we have a few men like our president, for instance (that is, the president of our class), who do say,—“I am . . . what I am.” The next species may be those between the wonders and the freaks, and known as the “best fruits of four years' labor,” piloted under the care of Cupid of Course II., whose surname is Louis the First.

This class has tall men; it has short men; it has heavy men and it has light men; it has lean men and it has fat men; men with big feet; in fact, any kind of men you want. We have embryo civils, mechanicals, and miners; architects, chemists, and biologists; electricians, physicists, and general freaks; chemical engineers and sanitary investigators; geologists and fishermen.

How lovely it is to be tall, especially when one graces this position so admirably as Maurice Le Bosquet of Course V., with a height of 6 feet 2 inches. Little Johnny Wolfe of Course II. is a contrast to this, since he claims to be the shortest man in the class, but modesty forbids telling the height. Can it be possible that so small a man can have so large a name as John-Jacob-Colvin-Wolfe-Esq.? The average height of the class is 5 feet 10 $\frac{1}{8}$  inches. Not bad—is it?

The oldest man in the class is a short, chunky fellow, of Course VI. He knows the taste of horseflesh, since he has been raised in Kentucky. The youngest man is the Brooklynite of the same course. He is tall and of electric pole type; but five days ago he became twenty years old, and he celebrated his birthday with a plate of ice cream and a hair cut. The average age of the class is 22 years, 9 months, 7 days; thus we are good game for some politician. Who is this politician? Who can it be? We have had our Tammany pools, our ring leaders, and our poll speculators; but who has ever been so great, so powerful, so beneficial, so painstaking for his own interests, so generous toward the welfare of a position for himself, so mighty in the sway of his tongue, as the celebrated politician of the class of '95—John Dennis Joseph Moore? He never thinks for a moment that there are “moore” of them.

If this vast body of honorable gentlemen were to rise and reseal themselves at one and the same time, they would generate work amounting to one half horse power. This is known from an average weight of 148 lbs. Our heaviest man is a model of symmetry. With huge limbs and a massive trunk, he reigns supreme as the big boy from Iowa. Frank Curtis Schmitz tips the scale at 200 lbs. Eddie Huxley is an easy second at 188 lbs. The little cupid who flits from desk to desk in the drawing rooms of the Engineering Building, and who is constantly in a stew about the placards on his back, is sorely disappointed to find he is not the lightest man of the class. Edwin Clement Alden weighs 118 lbs., and is only lighter than Louis Abbot by the weight of a box of cigarettes.

It is a very interesting thing to know that twenty-one per cent of the class were born in January. Good reason for their being cold to one another. April and October babies average thirteen and one tenth per cent. July babies come to ten and four tenths per cent, while February, March, September, and No-

vember babies have seven and nine tenths per cent, August five and two tenths and May, June, and December have each two and six tenths. As these babies have grown, it became necessary to widen the bands of their kilts to accommodate the increase of seasons, and to-day we find Eddie Huxley with a waist of thirty-nine inches. Wouldn't Eddie look cute in kilts at this present moment? There is no use in talking, the French Ballet has had its evil effects on Andrew Daniel Fuller. He has actually laced to twenty-four inches. The Statistician has often wondered whether or not he wears corsets.

The heads of this class of '95 would be precious gems for a phrenologist; for we find the head of Milton Fish has grown to fit a seven and three eighths size hat. The statistician wonders whether the head contains the same quantity as the hat. There is no doubt about this. François of Course I., the brother to the other one, has the smallest head. He wears a six and five sixteenths hat. How pleasant it must feel to know one has such small things about himself! I wonder whether small heads are prized as highly as small feet.

The nationality of the class is principally American. We have 92 men from Massachusetts—how proud the State must be of her dear boys—8 from Pennsylvania, 7 from Ohio, 6 from Rhode Island, 5 from Maine; New York and Connecticut, each 4; Illinois, Iowa, and California, 3 apiece; Indiana, Minnesota, Maryland, Michigan, Missouri, and Kentucky, each one. New Brunswick has given us one, Old Ireland another, while Holland gives us two.

It is a pleasure to state that we (the Faculty) graduate the largest class in the history of the Institute. This class has thirty-five and seven tenths per cent of its men wearing glasses since they have begun a course at the Institute. What grinds they must be to study so hard! Eighty per cent of this number wear pince-nez and twenty per cent spectacles.

Schmitz wants to inform the class that he began to wear glasses when he needed them. Isn't that funny?

To-day it appears as if this class has had a grand shave. This may be due to a graduating gift, or to a Sunday night previous to such an occasion. Nevertheless, this class claims to sport one third of one per cent of men with moustaches, thirty-three per cent apologies, sixty-six and two thirds per cent nothing at all. Wallace Clarke Brackett, of Course XI., says his moustache is already grown—alas, how mistaken he must be! Franklin Atwood Park has the longest hair in his moustache. It is 2.24 inches long. The boy from Iowa has no use for a moustache, as his friends prefer a smooth face. Alas! Louis Abbot has never shaved. J. W. Thomas is dangerously ill from becoming bald; could it be due to a burden of athletic honors? We find that thirty-five per cent of the class part their hair in the middle. Charles Arthur Meserve thinks it unmanly to part his hair in the middle. He is mad because he has a "cow-lick" in the wrong place and cannot follow suit.

Thirteen per cent of the class may be considered lazy, since they wear congress shoes,—an easy thing to "push on." Ninety-six per cent wear shoes. Four per cent wear nothing. Seventy-six per cent are laced and twenty-four per cent are buttoned.

What a religious class we have before us! Twelve and one half per cent of the men attend church regularly, three per cent sometimes, eighty-four and one half per cent never.

H. N. Rust goes to church but has no religion. Charles C. Taft has neither church nor religion. Alden says he is a heathen. From latest report we find all three studying the *War Cry* of the Salvation Army. Samuel Schmucker Sadtler is a freethinker and a believer in free love. Wally Powers attends church every New Year. J. C. Dickerman gets there four times a Sunday. Moral, join the Tech. Y. M. C. A.

In politics the class is decidedly one-sided; two per cent are independents, three per cent democrats, one Coxeyite, and ninety-five per cent republicans. Our first marshal is a Coxeyite, as pedestrianism is his future pastime.

This class is wholly single with the exception of two. These are engaged. Who are the two men? Both are heavy-weights and both ambitious; their portly figures have often graced prominent positions during their Technology life. They know each other, yet their dispositions are as different as day and night. One wears a half decent moustache, the other has a smooth face. Now guess.

Seventy-five per cent of the class smoke—generally a pipe—and forty per cent smoke habitually. Ninety-two per cent have smoked cigarettes some time in life.

Remember, Fred Hannah thinks chapel should be made compulsory.

Forty per cent of the class dance. I wonder what the others will do to-night,—probably eat. Sixty-nine per cent of the class match pennies. In the words of Ballou, “I match until I am broke.” What a speculating crowd of men we do have.

How strange it is that some expressions of the face tell a tale. In a certain class room, some days since, a lecturer desired to give notes by writing the same on the front blackboard. When he found this board filled he exclaimed,—“Gentlemen, this morning we must be contented with a side board.” Immediately a smile rose on the face of Hugh Mercer Tucker.

Sydney K. Clapp is the long-distance walker of the Institute. Distance, four thousand three hundred and twenty miles. Time, four years—scratch event. This distance was covered between home and the Institute. Nine thousand five hundred miles is the greatest distance traveled on a railroad by any one man during a course of four years. Charles Williams and Walter Ellis, of Course I., have “hung up” their overcoats just before

they came in, since they are desirous of having railroad transportation home at an early future date.

The average expense for four years' course, board, room, books, etc., is \$800. Expense of railway fares and incidentals, with books, is \$600 a year. Expense for books and incidentals for one living in the town is \$320. A vote of thanks would be extended to the Faculty,—provided the price, \$25, as cost of books, etc., would be changed to a more reasonable figure.

'Tis more than strange that so small a percentage of this class possess any esthetic qualities whatsoever. The majority of the class disapprove of co-education. It is a pleasure to state that Franklin T. Miller of Course XIII. would like to give the girls a chance. The greatest number of study nights in a week is 7 — no architect can boast of such a record. Ask E. J. Loring for further information.

Technology this year may well be proud of her musical composition by a Senior. It is known as Stevens' Lullaby dedicated to Jesse Bourne, written in C sharp for the slide rule. Copies to be had at the “Cage.”

The greatest speculation this class has ever known is that on the race between the Bursar and the Secretary's assistant. Bets run ten to one on the Bursar, since he holds such strong bonds over the boys. Again a poor knight is better than a “Tyler's” page. The Ward McAllister of '95 is Dorville Libby, Jr., of California. Francis Wheelwright Belknap is next in turn.

The most industrious man in the class is Tom H. Wiggin, Course I.—what a grind he must have been! The most ambitious man is Charles Lester Parmelee. He is fortunate enough to carry off two degrees at one time. This man has methods of thinking twice at the same time. The vote for the religious man of the class has been a tie. Fred Hannah and Herman Kotschmar, Jr., seem alike devout. The class says Coddington smiles



the most. The handsomest man in the class has also been troubled with a tie vote. The candidates are Richard Brinsley Sheridan and Charles Arthur Meserve. Could a contrast be more marked? To whom shall we give it? The man with the most graceful carriage is Bill Taylor.

At last we have the twins : —

Now fill up a glass to our promising twins,  
I never could tell them apart;  
I am eager to grind them, too, in my mill,  
But can't tell with which one to start.

If Francis dons a striped tie,  
Then Jerry sports one too;  
I've looked in vain for differences  
Betwixt and between the two.

I hope the recording angel  
Has discernment keener than I,  
And will have their records separate  
When their souls go up on high.

And yet I can't help thinking  
In order that both may pass,  
'Twould be better if the angels  
Regard them "as a mass."

Let Francis score an honor  
While Jerry get an "L,"  
Yet Jerry reach high heaven  
And Francis ———.

As I was about to say : —

THE TECH should be patronized for the amount of material it does not contain. Popular prices 5 cents a copy, for sale in corridor after the exercises.

The '96 "Technique" is a volume of vacuity, a marvel of mediocrity, an enduring monument to the insufficiency and incompetency of the Junior class. All this, "mein freund," you get for \$1.25.

Dear kind friends,—who honor us with your company to-day,—the Class of Ninety-five is before you, ground to pulp in the statistician's mill.

Let its mute helplessness appeal eloquently to your sympathies and commiseration.

I have shown you its better aspect; for the other, I'll leave you to the tender mercies of the class prophet.

Mr. Booth then resumed as follows :—

"We have now reached the interesting, though sometimes risky, task of looking into the future, uncertain as to whether it will result in drawing a prize or a blank. As I before stated, however, it will soon be shown that the blanks are few and the prizes many. The methods pursued are strictly scientific and may be regarded by you as accurate or not according as to whether you draw a prize or a blank. I introduce to you Albert Wesley Drake."

Mr. Drake's prophecy was witty and amusing, showing the foibles of his classmates in a pithy manner. We regret exceedingly our inability to reproduce it here, but unfortunately Mr. Drake destroyed his manuscript before THE TECH could secure it for publication.

More music by the orchestra followed, after which Mr. Booth presented the orator in the following words :—

"Like every other good and honest fable, our story is still incomplete without its moral attached. To-day, celebrating, as we are, the close of our undergraduate career, there are thoughts and feelings common to us all which are peculiar to the occasion. As we endeavor to sum up in one brief moment the advantages, mental, moral, and social, we have derived from our course, as we try to analyze our feelings of regret that the end has come, tempered with hope for the future, we find our powers of expression surprisingly deficient.

"It is my pleasure to present to you one in whose judgment and experience we have the fullest confidence, who shares our own thoughts and impulses, and who, above all, we know will give expression to them in a way in which we would have them expressed, and in a way in which we would have you hear them. I present to you Robert Kimball Sheppard."

#### THE ORATION.

Mr. Marshal, Mr. President, Classmates. Ladies and Gentlemen : Yesterday ! To-day !



To-morrow! Words which fathom, but cannot express, our present feelings! Our "Yesterday" recalls the simplicity of our childhood, the roguish savagery of our boyhood, the aspirations of our young manhood. Our "To-day" is a period of mingled happiness and regret, of which we cannot judge rightly until years have made it "Yesterday." Our "To-morrow" is made up of ideals, hopes, perplexities, and doubts.

Mothers! Fathers! As to-day we stand upon the threshold beyond which there lies a life of labor, to you we turn first to recognize thus earnestly the patience, the wisdom, perchance the sacrifice, with which you have directed our feet into the paths of learning. Her vistas which provoke our wonder stretch before us to such marvelous distances that their beauty is but half discerned. But the vision has been glorified by the love which brought us hither.

At this time, which seems to be a moment of triumph, we do not forget that science encloses within its labyrinth only a portion of the realm of learning. We are hunters truly, but our game has not yet left its cover. In our future searchings we may wander far beyond the limits of engineering thought and action. What, then, you ask, will be the value of the time just gone? As an answer we would give the thought of Goethe, that "the object of true living is to impress upon the perishable an imperishable worth." It is true that each instant, even of conscientious labor, at its completion is lost in the greatness of the past. But its value is everlasting, because the mind, the heart, the ideal of the life of man is changed thereby. During these years of study we have been subjected to the kindly influence of men whose minds are trained for concentrated work, whose thoughts are valuable because they are the outcome of years of labor. With them we have traced the growth of inductive science, and are satisfied that all progress is but development. Then, whatever our occupations may

be, we shall remember that the advantages of the age in which we live are the results of the strivings of our fathers to "impress upon the perishable an imperishable worth." When we recall the impulses to honest research gained within these walls we shall know that "there is a fellowship among the virtues by which one great, generous passion stimulates another." The influence of these passions we have felt. And to be in our turn the authors of such stimulation will be our aim, because it has been the subject of our admiration during the years which are gone.

My Classmates, as to-day we stand together before the portals which are about to open to permit our exit, let me turn to you with thanks for innumerable kindnesses received from you. Our entrance into the most active period of our life is at hand. And at that entrance there must come partings which will teach us that the friendships of four years cannot be broken without a struggle. You must go your way, and I must go mine. But there are paths so broad, so common, that unwittingly we shall traverse them together, though we be separated by miles of land or sea.

By our acceptance of the privileges which this institution affords we have shouldered a great responsibility. No man is justified in forever absorbing and never giving. We enter life neither maimed, nor halt, nor blind. If our education has been productive it must have given us the power of penetration. Ours has been, indeed, but an introduction to science. But let us recall the words of Lowell,

"O small beginnings, ye are great and strong,  
Based on a faithful heart and weariless brain!  
Ye build the future fair, ye conquer wrong,  
Ye earn the crown, and wear it not in vain!"

The fields we go to glean have been sown and watered, half reaped, and the product garnered by men whose success has depended upon their own remarkable, unaided ability and activity. Let not the pride of youth por-

voke us to unseemly rivalry. But let us profit by the store of wisdom which the years have brought to them, adding day by day the experiences given to us from our education and our life.

Beyond the sphere of our professions we have calls yet more imperative. The great open hearths in the old country mansions of one hundred or fifty years ago have vanished, or are maintained to-day only as a bit of stylish, antique furnishing. The conditions of life of which they are emblematic, like them, are endangered by the methods of our time. A loss of unity in our families is a menace to our homes. We recall the joyousness of our early days. Shall not the impulses of those times go with us now and abide with us, that we may make our country grander by the harmony existing between her sons and daughters? Let us give to the women of our land all rightful honors, privileges, and respect, ever remembering the nobility of womanhood. But let us still insist that woman shall be woman.

The patriotism of the past is not more glorious than that to which we are summoned. Our strength is the strength of youth. Let our manhood be known by the enthusiasm of our age combined with clear thinking and right acting. The fair fame of the politicians of our time too often has been sullied by acts which are not honorable. We may not be statesmen, but as honest, thoughtful citizens we can protest against abuses, vote against them, act against them. And by united work and sacrifice, in municipal affairs at least, we can suppress them. We are called to this.

Silently and passively the world records our acts. From most of us this history will be quietly hidden as leaf after leaf is turned. But that it perishes we know can not be true. What, then, shall be the writing on those pages? Our moral being places its stamp upon every margin. Each of our fellows with whom we come in contact is affected

well or ill by the unsuspected influence of our thought. Rise, then, exert the might of right. Stand ever for the truth, though it cost all ease, though it supplant ancient faiths. Forget not that the brotherhood of man demands our patient zeal, our earnest teaching, our most loving forbearance. Remember the institution which we leave so soon, and love her fondly as the mother of our noblest thoughts, our longed-for success.

Thus growing, thus living from better to best, we shall learn, ere the end, the deep meaning of Browning's expression,—

“Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,  
The mist in my face,  
When the snows begin and the blasts denote  
I am nearing the place,  
The power of the night, the press of the storm,  
The post of the foe;  
Where he stands, the Arch Fear, in a visible form,  
Yet the strong man must go:  
For the journey is done and the summit attained,  
And the barriers fall,  
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,  
The reward of it all.  
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,  
The best and the last!  
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes and forbore,  
And bade me creep past.  
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,  
The heroes of old,  
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears  
Of pain, darkness, and cold.  
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,  
The black minute's at end,  
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,  
Shall dwindle, shall blend,  
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain.  
Then a light, then thy breast,  
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,  
And with God be the rest!”

In concluding the exercises of the day, the Chief Marshal said:—

“It was Bishop Brooks, I think, in this very hall, who said to a preceding class, that the ending of any epoch in a man's life would be sad if it were not necessarily the beginning of a new career for him, full of promise. In bringing these exercises to a close, I would add to what the other speakers have said, my own wish that for every member of the class the

future may fulfil its promises tenfold, and that the training and knowledge he has gained may find a broad field and an early appreciation. But when our own personal interests have ceased to be identical, do not let us forget that as alumni and members of '95, we still have duties to perform and obligations to fulfil."

At the conclusion of these very successful Class-day Exercises, the guests of the afternoon slowly deserted the old Hall, betaking themselves to the various buildings on tours of inspection. The big Emery testing machine was "at home," and delighted and awed many of its neophyte visitors, who were learnedly instructed in the secrets of this and other apparatus of the Engineering Laboratories by their friends in Ninety-five. Refreshments were served in the drawing rooms upstairs, which were gaily decorated.

The Sigma Tau Chapter of Delta Kappa Epsilon held its customary Class Day reception in the parlors of the Brunswick. Many guests were present, and the occasion proved one of the pleasantest of the day.

#### Commencement Week Ushers.

THE Class of '95 is indebted to the following members of the Junior class, who kindly served as ushers during Senior Week: C. G. Hyde, B. Hurd, Jr., J. A. Rockwell, F. W. Fuller, H. G. Fisk, B. H. Shepherd, R. Norris, W. M. Stearns, F. E. Guptill, J. S. Pechin, P. Urquiza, L. S. Tyler, J. L. Putnam, and E. A. Baldwin.

#### The Class-day Funds.

It is a pleasure to know that after all the Class-day bills have been settled the treasurer of the committee will still have a substantial sum remaining. With proper application this surplus may serve some exceedingly useful purpose. Several suggestions for using it to leave some memorial have, it will be remembered, been already broached.

#### The Class-day Assembly.



ITH the evening of Class Day came the gayest event of Commencement Week and one of the most enjoyable functions of the season in the Senior Assembly at Pierce Hall, the occasion

proving one of the most successful of all Technology promenades. In agreeable contrast to the dark and rain without, shone the brilliance of the decorations and the costumes within. The floor was thronged with gay dancers, and everyone seemed bent on enjoying the occasion to the full. Daggett's orchestra, ensconced amid palms in the balcony, played bewitchingly, and to its inspiring strains danced the many twinkling feet. The supper was bounteous and unexceptionable, save only that some men evinced a somewhat too manifest eagerness to be served, which was due doubtless to the smallness of the table, and which should insure in the future boards of more ample dimensions. Supper over, the entrancing strains of the music once more summoned to the dance. When at last the end came and the familiar "Blue Danube" betokened the last waltz, it was certain that Ninety-five had scored a success in its Senior promenade.

The class was honored in having for patronesses Mrs. Francis A. Walker, Mrs. Thomas M. Drown, Mrs. William T. Sedgwick, and Mrs. W. R. Livermore.

Among the young ladies present were:—

Miss Perry, Miss Bush, Miss MacAlpine, Miss Tufts, Miss Hurd, Miss Bullock, Miss Ballou, Miss Knapp, Miss Stowe, Miss Shapleigh, Miss Garrett, Miss Tillinghast, Miss Gates, Miss Barnes, Miss Wright, Miss Kirtledge, Miss Claflin, Miss Clapp, Miss Drake, Miss Walker,

Miss Zerbe, Miss Bragdon, Miss Cutler, Miss Garratt, Miss Everett, Miss Chaffee, Miss Yoder, Miss Card, Miss Remysen, Miss Montgomery, Miss Owen, Miss Cowles, Miss Parker, Miss Edna Parker, Miss Barry, Miss Newhall, Miss Burnham, Miss Haskins, Miss Jordan.

### The Graduation Exercises.



It was as large an audience as on Class Day, even, that filled Huntington Hall to overflowing, on Tuesday, May 28th, the occasion of the commencement exercises. At about half past two President Walker and the Faculty, together with a number of the members of the Corporation, took seats on the platform. Shortly afterwards the Seniors marched slowly to their seats in the center of the hall.

President Walker then arose and welcomed the audience. He spoke briefly of the value and purpose of theses, and explained that those to be read this afternoon were selected not alone for technical excellence, but for the fact that they were representative of the work of the several courses, and possessed of general interest beside. The following men then read abstracts from their theses: Azel Ames, Jr., George Linder Bixby, Herbert W. Chamberlain, S.B., Luther Conant, Jr., Walter Nathan Crafts, A.B., William Johnson Drisko, Rolfe Marshal Ellis, Francis Cushing Green, Edward Haley Huxley, Loren Gleason Waite, William Henry Winkley.

The reading of the abstracts proved a very interesting as well as a valuable feature of the afternoon's exercises, and applause was frequent.

The class then rose and were addressed by President Walker. He complimented them on their high standard of scholarship, and con-

gratulated them on having successfully attained the object of their four years of work. Degrees were then conferred as follows:—

#### MASTERS OF SCIENCE.

CHARLES GREELEY ABBOT, in Physics.  
FRED MAYNARD MANN, in Architecture.  
WALTER OSGOOD SCOTT, in Chemistry.

#### BACHELORS OF SCIENCE.

##### Course I.

AZEL AMES, JR.  
HAROLD KILBRETH BARROWS.  
FRANCIS WHEELWRIGHT BELKNAP.  
SIDNEY KINGMAN CLAPP.  
BENJAMIN CURTIS DONHAM.  
WALTER HOWE ELLIS.  
ANDREW DANIEL FULLER.  
JOHN HERBERT GREGORY.  
GEORGE EDWARD HOWE.  
ANDREW J. G. LOGAN.  
FRANCOIS EMILE MATTHES.  
GERARD HENDRIK MATTHES.  
JAMES T. R. McMANUS.  
GEORGE F. C. MERRISS.  
RICHARD MOREY.  
CHARLES LESTER PARMELEE.  
LOUIS KEEGAN ROURKE.  
FRANK CURTIS SCHMITZ.  
ALFRED LESLIE SIMMONS.  
WILLIAM EVERETT SWIFT.  
STURGIS HOOPER THORNDIKE, A.B.  
EDWARD AUSTIN TUCKER.  
RALPH NORMAN WHEELER.  
THOMAS HOLLIS WIGGIN.  
CHARLES GOODNOW WILLIAMS.

##### Course II.

LOUIS ANDREW ABBOTT.  
LATIMER WILLIS BALLOU.  
EDGAR AUGUSTUS BOESEKE.  
JESSE HASKELL BOURNE.  
ARTHUR LAKE CANFIELD.  
HENRY MIDDLEBROOK CRANE.  
GEORGE ALBERT CUTLER.  
ALFRED LOUIS DEJONGE.  
FRANCIS EDWIN FAXON.  
JOHN HOWLAND GARDINER.  
FREDERICK AUGUSTUS HANNAH.  
HARRY MERRITT HAVEN.  
GEORGE REUBEN HOWARTH.  
EDWARD LAWRENCE HURD.  
EDWARD HALEY HUXLEY.  
HERMANN KOTZSCHMAR, JR.  
ALFRED VARNUM LINCOLN, JR.  
THOMAS MARK LOTHROP.  
WALTER CARPENTER MARMON.  
FRANK BIRD MASTERS.  
JOHN D. J. MOORE.  
FRANKLIN ATWOOD PARK.

WALTER JOSIAH RICKEY.  
WALTER FREDERICK STEVENS.  
JAMES WINTHROP THOMAS.  
CHARLES FOSTER TILLINGHAST.  
HUGH MERCER TUCKER.  
JOHN J. C. WOLFE.  
LUTHER KELLER YODER.  
HENRY YOERG.

*Course III.*

ARTHUR STONE COBURN.  
WALTER NATHAN CRAFTS, A.B.  
FRED WALLACE DRAPER.

*Course IV.*

ETHEL BARTHOLOMEW.  
WALTER DANFORTH BLISS.  
FRANK AUGUSTUS BOURNE.  
HERBERT W. CHAMBERLAIN, B.Sc.  
WALTER SIMONS CHASE.  
WILLIAM BEMENT CLAFLIN.  
FRED EDWARD COX.  
WILLIAM EDWARD DAVIS, JR.  
ROBERT DAVID FARQUHAR, A.B.  
CHARLES MERRICK GAY, JR., A.B.  
PERLEY FRED GILBERT.  
ERNEST JOHNSON LORING.  
WINTHROP DANA PARKER  
EDWARD PHILLIPP SCHOENTGEN.  
ALFORD EDWARD ZAPP.

*Course V.*

ERNEST FRANKLIN BADGER.  
SAMUEL LAWRENCE BIGELOW, A.B.  
PERLEY HARTWELL BLODGETT.  
GEORGE DEFREN.  
JOHN TOMPSON DORRANCE.  
ROLFE MARSH ELLIS.  
WILLIAM THOMAS HAIL.  
MAURICE LeBOSQUET.  
CHARLES ARTHUR MESERVE.  
SAMUEL SCHMUCKER SADTLER.  
JOSEPH EDWARD WALWORTH.  
WILLARD HASKELL WATKINS.  
DAVID BRAINERD WESTON.

*Course VI.*

BENJAMIN ADAMS.  
CHARLES MILLS ADAMS.  
EDWIN CLEMENT ALDEN.  
LAWRENCE BARR, A.B.  
CHARLES WILLIAM BERRY.  
JOHN BOEDEKER.  
THOMAS BUTLER BOOTH.  
ARTHUR HENRY CLARK.  
CHARLES PRENTICE COOK.  
JOHN WILLIAMSON COOKE.  
JOHN WINFIELD COOKE.  
ARTHUR DAVIS DEAN.  
ALBERT WESLEY DRAKE.  
CHARLES FREDERIC EVELETH.

MILTON LATHROP FISH.  
FRANCIS A. J. FITZGERALD, B.A.  
WATSON EDWARD GOODYEAR.  
GEORGE WELLINGTON HAYDEN.  
HENRY ATKINSON HOLDREGE.  
LEMUEL F. HOWARD.  
SAMUEL PARKER HUNT, A.B.  
HENRY OSGOOD LACOUNT, S.B.  
RALPH RESTIEAUX LAWRENCE.  
DORVILLE LIBBY, JR.  
DWIGHT NEWCOMB MARBLE, A.B.  
ARTHUR FLEMING NESBIT, A.B.  
WILLIAM FLETCHER PATTEN.  
WALTER WILSON REED  
HAROLD NORWOOD RUST.  
JOHN CARLETON SHERMAN.  
ALFRED PRITCHARD SLOAN, JR.  
GERARD SWOPE.  
LOREN GLEASON WAITE.

*Course VIII.*

SCHUYLER STEVENS CLARK.  
WILLIAM JOHNSON DRISKO.

*Course IX.*

ALLEN PERCY BROWN.  
LUTHER CONANT, JR.  
CLIFFORD BARTLETT SANBORN.  
ROGER JAMES WILLIAMS.

*Course X.*

GEORGE LINDER BIXBY.  
EDWARD ELIAS DENISON.  
JUDSON CHARLES DICKERMAN.  
SAMUEL PARKER HUNT, A.B.  
JOHN LOUIS NEWELL.  
WALTER CHAMPION POWERS.  
FREDERICK LEONARD RICHARDS.  
GEORGE ARNOLD ROCKWELL.  
ROBERT KIMBALL SHEPPARD.  
CHARLES CHESTER TAFT.  
WALTER SCOTT WILLIAMS.

*Course XI.*

WALLACE CLARK BRACKETT.  
FRANCIS CUSHING GREEN.  
FREDERICK WALTER HARRIS.  
CHARLES LESTER PARMELEE.

*Course XIII.*

EDMUND DRINAN BARRY.  
CARL HERBERT CLARK.  
FRANKLIN THOMAS MILLER.  
RICHARD G. B. SHERIDAN.  
WILLIAM HENRY WINKLEY.

After the exercises the recently graduated Seniors and their friends paid their respects to President and Mrs. Walker, who, assisted by the Misses Walker, received hospitably in the President's room until six o'clock.

### Ninety-five Class Meeting.



AT 1 o'clock of the afternoon of Class day, '95 assembled in Room 11, Rogers, for its last undergraduate class meeting. The necessary revision of the constitution to suit the needs of a graduate organization was quickly effected, and the election of officers was at once begun. Mr. G. W. Hayden was elected president, and Messrs. T. H. Wiggin and T. B. Booth were chosen vice presidents. These officers serve for one year. The election for the secretary-treasurer, who serves five years, resulted in the choice of Mr. R. K. Sheppard.

A hearty vote of thanks was extended to Dr. Donald for the use of Trinity Church, and to Dr. Lindsay for the Baccalaureate sermon. A similar expression of thanks was also tendered to the Glee and Banjo Club for their concert, and to the retiring class officers.

After brief discussion of the coming events of the afternoon the meeting was adjourned.

### The Class-day Committee.

THE Class-Day committee was composed of the following men: Thomas Butler Booth, First Marshal; George Wellington Hayden, Second Marshal; Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Third Marshal; Azel Ames, Jr., Gerard Swope, Edward Augustus Boeseke, Edward Austin Tucker, Thomas Mark Lothrop, Thomas Hollis Wiggin, Dwight Newcomb Marble, Charles Goodnow Williams.

Secretary Tyler is spending the summer in Europe.

A few copies of the Senior Portfolio are still to be had at Maclachlan's. Price, \$5.75.

A new office for the use of Dr. Hough has been fitted up in the rooms of the Biological department.

One hundred and twenty-eight students were enrolled in the summer schools of Technology.

Mr. W. A. Johnston, instructor in the mechanical engineering department, was married early in June.

President Walker left Boston soon after commencement for an extended tour in the Northwest, which will embrace a trip to Alaska, British Columbia, and Washington.

The indications from the first series of entrance examinations are that the Class of Ninety-nine will number about as many members as the last Freshman class.

Dr. Bigelow has been appointed Librarian of the Institute *vice* Dr. Andrews, who resigned in order to accept his present position as organizer of the Crerar Scientific Library in Chicago.

Technology was represented, through her yacht club, by a larger delegation of craft at the races in New London than any other college. Much courtesy was shown to the club, "visiting" from boat to boat was frequent, and the cruise was most heartily enjoyed.

THE TECH office misses the silver intercollegiate cup, which formed one of its most valued ornaments during the past year. That unlucky day at Worcester has decreed for it a temporary sojourn at Hanover, but the silken banner still remains.

Certificates were awarded to the following students in the Lowell School of Design: Edward Pierce Borden, John Tod Burns, Joseph Robinson Byram, Jr., Clarence Allen Hall, Herbert Wilbur Hill, William Franklin Howes, William Everett Lavers, Emma Caroline Vogel.

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